

THE SILENT WORLD.

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TEN YEARS OF SILENCE.

I.

Oh! It is not often I dare to think
Of the one bright spot in my buried past,
Standing out in such bright relief
From the dimming shadows by Memory cast.
Seventeen years old to-day! Ah, well!
Ten have wrapped me in silence about
Since this terrible canker upon me fell,
And the music of my life went out!

II.

Ten long years, and never a sound
To startle the stillness out of my life!
Velvety muffled, its wheels go round,
Noiseless, forever, in joy or strife.
Once, I thought my mother's voice
Floated across the death-still blank,
And my heart was astir—but it died away.
Poor heart! how it fluttered, and hopeless sank!

III.

Sometimes my little sister comes,
With a pitying look in her soft blue eyes,
Murmuring words that I cannot hear.
How she stirs the olden memories!
She wonders to see the tears that fall,
Like summer showers, upon her brow:
'Tis so hard to think of what has been,
When life is so different for me now!

IV.

God of the Silent! I cry at the door,
That the path is too straight for my feet to tread;
Yet know I whose footsteps have gone before,
Though the human is stubborn of heart and head.
Oh! let the blessing of Patience come down
To ease my passionate soul of its pain!
Let it shine on my brow like a martyr's crown!
Oh! give me the sunshine after the rain!

—Howard Glyndon.

DEAR DWELLERS IN THE "SILENT WORLD:" A common affliction is a common bond of sympathy, and the sob that comes from one heart is often re-echoed by many more, each of which "knoweth its own sorrow." There are, I know, many among you who, having never heard, cannot grieve for a lost sense. But I think there are, even among those who are born deaf, often yearnings after an unknown good, for it was only last week that a little deaf and dumb boy wrote on his slate to a friend: "I wish that Christ would come on earth and put His fingers into my ears and on my mouth, and make me hear and speak, as He did some deaf and dumb people one thousand eight hundred and seventy-one years ago!" Therefore I have written out for you a little chronicle in verse of my own state of mind years ago. And I wish to say to you all that since I wrote it I have learned to know very certainly that *God makes no mistakes.*

Yours in the bonds of silence and of sympathy.

LAURA C. REDDEN, (HOWARD GLYNDON.)

CLARKE INSTITUTION, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,

June 29, 1871.

A FRENCH writer, speaking of the great men of France, thus alludes to the eminent benefactor of the deaf and dumb: "Science would decide for d'Alembert, and Nature says Buffon; Wit and Taste present Voltaire, and Sentiment pleads for Rousseau; but Genius and Humanity cry out for de l'Epée, and him I call the best and greatest of all."

THE POWER OF SILENCE.

We are too much inclined to associate the idea of power with that of noise and bustle, forgetting that the greatest and best works of God and men have been wrought in silence and seclusion. This is especially true of the works of God. Sometimes, indeed, He speaks by the whirlwind or the fire, but far oftener by the "still, small voice." His power is daily and hourly being exerted all around us, but so silently that only the results it produces are apparent. We delight to watch the gradual changes from bud to blossom, blossom to flower, and flower to fruit, and we are impressed with the thought that it must require a marvelous power to produce all this; yet that power is as silent as it is invisible. Through all the varied forms of animate and inanimate nature the same principle operates, and it is equally manifest in the higher realm of God's providence and grace. The power by which nations rise and fall and the destiny of each individual is determined lies wholly in the hands of God, and He wields it as a wise and kind Father should do, yet His ways are enveloped in silence and mystery. Illustrations might be multiplied of the silence with which His power is exerted, but the most striking is found in the life and miracles of Christ.

In silence and seclusion His life was commenced, and continued for 30 years; and even His public career was marked with so little of display as to be fitly termed silent, when compared with that of earthly kings. His most signal miracles were performed without the slightest ostentation, and with few words. In one sense the age of miracles has passed, but in another it will never cease, for the same power which restored sight to the blind and health to the diseased in Judea and Galilee now sustains a world, and directs the course of myriads of planets, swinging silently through the heavens.

The earth, that with each returning spring wakes to new life and beauty, the innumerable forms of life which spring into being at the touch of God's resistless hand, and the changes in man's intellectual and spiritual life, all exhibit God's silent power.

"The voice that startles us in thunders,
Works ever silently in light,
And mightier than these special wonders
The wonders daily in our sight."

Equally true is it that man's best works have been conceived, if not wrought out, in silence and retirement. It was not until darkness had veiled his bodily eyes that Milton composed his immortal "Paradise Lost," and the greatest of allegories, the "Pilgrim's Progress," was written in the silence of a prison. These and many other instances prove that silence and power are not opposing forces, but far more closely related than we imagine.

When God designs to make His children a power in the world, He often shuts them up in silence or darkness. And is there nothing inspiring in this thought to us—to us over whose lives so thick a veil of silence has been thrown? Shall it not encourage us to imitate the example of Him who does not disdain to "labor in silence?" May we not be a greater blessing to the world because we are aided by the unseen power of silence?

A. C. J.

SILENCE is the perfectest herald of joy.—*Shakespeare.*
THE temple of our purest thoughts is—silence.—*Mrs. Hale.*

OUR "LITTLE RUN" IN VIRGINIA.

PART I.

One day in July a party of three left Washington for a few days' sojourn at the springs and among the mountains of Virginia. In the following sketch the individuals composing this party will be designated as the Professor, the Schoolmaster and the Tutor. Under which designation I, the writer, as one of the trio, at times describe my own experiences and adventures, the gentle reader is left to discover for himself.

The morning of our departure opened auspiciously, with breezes and a somewhat cloudy sky, but as the sun gained in altitude the heat of the day waxed apace; and when our train, from the shade of the trees that line Maryland avenue, moved out upon the Long Bridge, into the full blaze of old Sol's rays, we began to feel that the prospects for pleasant day's ride were not very encouraging. More than one of us recalled with regret his cool little room at home, with its many ingenious contrivances for escaping the heat and the flies. Readily would he at that moment have given up this "little run" into the wilds of Virginia for the chance of lying once more, book in hand, and pitcher of ice water by his side, under the mosquito bar in his shaded chamber. This feeling of misgiving, however, was but momentary. The rapid movement of the train created a refreshing breeze through the cars, the changing scenes along the route suggested more agreeable thoughts to the dismayed traveller, and soon "Put me in my little bed" no longer formed the burden of his song.

Under the low roof of the nondescript Alexandria depot the cars made a long stop, and here with regret our party saw Professor Whittlesey, of Howard University, whom we had counted upon as a travelling companion, take up valise and trout-rod and enter the train for Harrisonburg. Other familiar faces there were none, and we were thus left for society and amusement to our own resources. Our route lay over the Orange, Manassas and Alexandria railroad, whose every curve, embankment and trestlework are tragic with memories of our nation's fearful struggle in subduing the rebellion. Past the field of Bull Run, through the plains of Manassas, over the muddy Rappidan, our train sped on—in the shadow of the valley of death, where, during long years of patient waiting for the victory they never doubted should be theirs at last, the men of the Army of the Potomac marched and countermarched, bivouacked and fought. Green mounds, some with wooden slabs, giving the names and regiments of those whose bones lie beneath; field-works and fortifications, dismantled and grass-grown, and oftentimes hardly distinguishable from the surrounding knolls and hillocks—these alone mark to the eye of the railway traveller the historic places along the way.

At Culpeper, in full view of the car windows, is a sight to stir the heart. On a green hillside, under waving trees, lies a national cemetery, laid out with the customary military precision, and securely enclosed. In the centre, lifted high above the surrounding scenery, the cynosure of all eyes far and near, floats unchallenged the American flag, emblem of freedom and—power. How our hearts dilated as we watched its stately folds waving in the breeze, while the golden sunlight bathed its colors in warmer, brighter tints. Unbidden rose from the soul Drake's apostrophe:

"Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

At Gordonsville, railroads centre from the north, the west, the southwest and south, and to accommodate all this immense travel is a triangular bit of a building, with one room besides the ticket-office. The trains, arriving simultaneously from different quarters, jostle each other around this diminu-

tive structure; they move forward or back down, and are switched off or on; in short, they are forever "rasseling" for a place near the depot. A forlorn, dreary spot seems Gordonsville, with its dusty roads, straggling, unpainted buildings, and general untidiness everywhere. And yet there is some good even in this Nazareth. We were struck by a novel feature in the arrangements for catering to the appetite of hungry travellers. Black women, some of them stricken in years, but all cleanly in person and civil in speech, move among them with waiters heaped with roast chicken, ham sandwiches, and fruit. Your lunch, purchased at a reasonable price, is done up in immaculate wrapping paper, and handed to you with the best grace in the world. Better a dinner of this sort, taken at your leisure in the cars, than a stalled ox, and "the cars stop five minutes for refreshments" therewith.

An hour more brings us to Charlottesville. The scenery changes. We leave behind us the monotonous plains of Eastern Virginia, and enter a country of forest-clad mountains and verdant valleys. The railway begins to wind and twist among the hills and to dash through hollows cut in solid rock, and in the horizon toward which we are tending we trace the bold undulations of the Blue Ridge through its veil of warm summer haze. The golden grain, the waving corn, the rich vegetation of the meadows, excite our admiration. For the first time in the course of our ride of more than 100 miles do we pass in Virginia a field of growing tobacco. Hitherto we had only been reminded that we were in a land that was once the El Dorado of tobacco-growers by numberless worn-out tobacco plantations, now abandoned to weeds.

The stopping places on Virginia railways usually consist of half a dozen straggling buildings, mostly untouched by paint-brush, and often constructed of hewn logs. Larger and more substantial structures, encircled by wide piazzas, and in the midst of a cluster of cabins where live the house and farm servants, are to be found on plantations at a distance from the depot. The Virginia gentry do not consider it a matter of extreme importance to reside near the depot; distance, provided it be not too great, is but a trifle, for the Virginian is rare indeed who does not own a horse and cannot "witch the world with noble horsemanship." The man on horseback is everywhere; one is tempted to think that pedestrianism is one of the lost arts south of the Potomac. And the ladies! their side saddles meet you at every turn. If one of them has a bit of gossip with a neighbor, or a letter to drop into the post-office, she whips on her riding-skirt and is off in a demure little trot, bridle in one hand and parasol in the other. There is room enough, too, for that little autocrat, the baby, if its company is desired. It was our pleasure once to see four Virginia matrons jogging along on horseback, evidently to make a friendly call, each with a young scion of the "Mother of Statesmen" snugly ensconced within one arm, while with the other she gently manipulated her sedate steed. How, with so much to tax the strength and attention of the fair *equestriennes*, each also managed to hold over her precious charge a wide-spreading, ponderous umbrella, is more than I can undertake to say—but then, women, Heaven bless them, can do anything.

This popular method of locomotion has given rise to two decidedly Virginian institutions, to which your attention is called at every house. I refer to the horse-block, a convenience for mounting to the saddle, and the hitching-pole, which, bristling with wooden spikes, is supported on two posts six or seven feet high. Toward the latter the equestrian makes his way, and, tossing his bridle over one of the spikes, dismounts and goes about his business. But what most struck the Schoolmaster, as he was one day pensively eying this simple contrivance, was the fact that however long his absence, the rider invariably

found his horse just as and *where* he left him. In Washington, now, no matter how gentle his horse might be by nature or how securely he might be tied, the owner could not be away five minutes but that on his return he would discover that his most orthodox of nags had managed to get loose, and that a regular stampede had only been prevented by the heroic exertions of the bright-eyed little gamin who was still clinging to the bridle with frantic grasp and determined mien. Of course, such conduct on the part of Young Washington would demand appreciation to the extent of a quarter of a dollar or more; but the question occurs, is it not strange that Virginian horses are so much more reliable than others?

The vehicle one most frequently meets on the Virginia roads is a rough market wagon on two or four wheels. The traveller occasionally sees a covered carriage or chaise, but there is none of that bewildering variety of stylish turnouts that one admires on a northern highway. The Virginian of means usually has his heavy family carriage, but he seldom uses it, unless the roads are exceptionally good, and his object is to take his family on a long excursion to the Springs or to the house of some hospitable friends in the next county.

The roads—how can they be described? Once in a while—in a very long while, it must be said—we found ourselves whirling over what was very like a macadamized affair; but as a general thing the roads were rough, full of rocks and ruts—the merest apology for the name. All the day your vehicle travels along a strip of mud through the country, you are jolted over huge stones, bounced over stumps, thumped into sudden hollows, and this is—no sarcasm intended—a “turnpike;” if one is skeptical on this point, the tollgate-keeper will soon convince him. Naturally, people prefer to leave carriages at home to seeing their *debris* scattered along a Virginia turnpike; they do not wish to walk long distances; hence it is that horseback riding is the great means of locomotion.

But to return to our journey. As we neared Staunton, the scenery increased in beauty and grandeur. In front loomed the Alleghanies. Far below us reposed a quiet valley, on whose broad sides lay magnificent farms, with great fields of corn and wheat, and growing grass and green pastures that afforded food to countless herds of cattle, whose sleek sides shone in the evening sunlight. A moment more, and what a change! The train had entered a tunnel cut through the heart of a mountain, and we were swept from a region of light and beauty into one of Cimmerian darkness.

Five o'clock saw our party at Staunton. Leaving the train, we drove to the Virginia Hotel. Here we were soon followed by Mr. Bird, of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, who had recognized his Washington friends at the depot. Under his escort we took a walk to the Institution. On the way we passed the residence of Mr. Job Turner, for so many years an instructor in the Virginia Institution. His house and grounds had an air of comfort and neatness, and did not suffer by comparison with their neighbors. A rosebush was pointed out to me which Mr. Turner had transplanted years ago from Laurent Clerc's garden in Hartford. Mr. Turner we were not fortunate enough to see; he was away superintending matters on his farm, some twelve miles distant.

A drive bordered with a hedge of cedar leads up to the Institution, which is charmingly situated on a commanding elevation overlooking the city. Fountains in front and at the side serve the double purpose of adding to the beauty of the place and of giving assurance of a plentiful supply of water in case of fire. The fine trees, the shady walks, the sloping lawns, made the grounds of the Institution as beautiful to our eyes as any we remember to have seen. The architectural appearance of the buildings the writer does not profess to admire; there seems a lack of unity and symmetry. The inside arrange-

ments are, however, designed with a regard to the needs and comfort of the occupants; and everything betokened that in term-time proper respect is paid to Heaven's first law and to that virtue which is next to godliness; though tobacco —

The chapel is a noble apartment, capable of seating several hundred persons. The organ on the platform, furnished by the State for the use of the blind, is the largest in Virginia, and cost \$5,000. On one of the large slates in the chapel was an impromptu poetical effusion of Mr. Bird's, of which the charms of summer time formed the subject. I regret that the lines were not transcribed at the time for the benefit of the readers of THE SILENT WORLD. After a short visit to the Blind Department, we left the Institution and returned to our hotel to find solace in the arms of “nature's sweet restorer.” So closes the first day of our “run.”

From the Professor's facile pen is promised a description of the visit to Weyer's Cave, to which the second day was devoted. On the third, our party bade farewell to the romantic hills of Staunton. Our destination was the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs; the distance 90 miles by rail. The air was exhilarating, the morning lovely beyond expression. The grand panorama of mountain, meadow and stream; the swiftly-changing pictures of towering rock, wooded precipice, deep, shady dell, with rushing torrent and solitary cabin, and of broad, fertile valley with flocks and herds and farm-house—these lent an indescribable charm to our ride. Silence was the most fitting tribute we could pay to Nature. Conversation ceased. Our thoughts soared to sublime heights; we lived among the gods.

But as the train stopped at “Variety Springs,” we felt the force of the truism that from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. These Springs, a miniature edition of the larger and more pretentious watering-places of Virginia, gave us our first impressions of those popular resorts. Around an enclosure of two or three acres were arranged a row of whitewashed cabins, and in the centre of the area stood the “hotel.” The “cottages,” by which name the cabins are known at the Springs, are for the accommodation of families, who, though taking their meals at the hotel, prefer for the rest of the day the seclusion of the smaller and more retired buildings. But now, at Variety Springs, the crowd had evidently not commenced to arrive; a solitary guest forlornly watched the train from the piazza of the hotel, but there was not a sign of life in all the long row of cottages. On the lawn, however, was the “band”—every Springs has its band, and was Variety to be behind the times? Three musicians formed this band, and they worked away at their instruments with the desperation of fate. Yet, alas for their well-meant endeavors, the Professor, who alone of our party might have been able to appreciate their ravishing harmony, assured the others that only a few faint, fitful strains reached his ear through the rattling of the car-trucks and screechings of the locomotive. As long as the train would allow us to keep them in sight we could see the musical trio exerting themselves in the vain hope that, as in the story of the Seirens, those who heard would be unable to tear themselves away. “Come,” they seemed to say, “come, seeker after health and strength; come, way-worn traveller; here is the Mecca of your pilgrimage, the Elysium of your hopes. Here drink of the elixir of Hygea; lave in the fountain of youth; dance on the verdant mead; slumber on downy couches; fare on the fat of the land—while the soul is wrapped in music, the music of Variety Springs.” The railroad time schedule limited our stay at Variety to two minutes and half; we left it with a sigh, and many a time thereafter our thoughts fondly turned to Variety, with its “\$2 per day, \$10 per week, or \$30 per month,” and its music of the spheres.

The Ohio and Chesapeake railroad, on which we had trav-

elled from Charlottesville, is a work of immense labor, a miracle of enterprise. Between Staunton and White Sulphur Springs the road every little distance cuts through solid rock, spans a dizzy chasm, skirts a precipitous mountain side, or turns a curve that seems to the Eastern traveller fearfully abrupt. The cars move on a grade that rises as high as 308 feet to the mile in several places. Near Buffalo Gap, 2,240 feet above the level of the sea, on the water-shed where the waters that flow into the Atlantic and those that feed the Gulf of Mexico separate within a stone's throw, our train passed through a tunnel cut out of solid stone. It is a mile long, and was seven years in completing. Its width will allow, when necessary, the construction of another track. The country, in the intervals between the mountains we were crossing, is the great grazing region of Virginia. Farmers for miles around drive their herds to its rich pastures, and have them grazed there at an expense of fifty cents per head for the season.

It took our train six hours to accomplish the 90 miles from Staunton to White Sulphur Springs; to have come in less time over this mountain railroad, with its steep grades and difficult curves, would not have been easy, and might have been dangerous. These Springs, the Saratoga of the South, nestle in a lovely valley among the Greenbrier mountains of West Virginia, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. So cool is the atmosphere that seldom in the warmest periods does the thermometer rise above 76° in the shade. The grounds, covering an area of many acres, are laid out with taste and judgment in noble lawns and groves, threaded with drives and serpentine walks. Of the walks the most delightful may be presumed to be "the Lover's Walk," which has many a curve and shady recess, each with a name of its own, as "Courtship Maze," "Hesitation," "Acceptance," "Way to Paradise," and "Rejection;" the last in a dark and forbidding region into whose mysterious depths the bachelors of our party peered with a shudder. Cupid grant that it may not prove prophetic.

The main hotel building, surrounded at a distance by a cordon of cottages, occupies the centre of the grounds. It is 400 feet in length by 80 in width—the largest structure of the kind in the South. Its great dining-room can accommodate, I am told, 1,500 guests. At the time of our visit there were only 300 visitors, but their numbers were rapidly increasing. Of these, only a small proportion were invalids; the others being attracted thither by curiosity or to enjoy the pleasures and gayities of the place.

Of course we tested the waters. I shall not attempt to give the formidable list of their ingredients or to enumerate their medicinal virtues. As for their taste, it is indescribable in words. Only the Tutor's countenance, as it looked when surprised into involuntary protest after the first nauseous draught, could give an adequate idea of its effect on the gustatory organs of a novice. This unpleasant sensation, however, is but transient; by repetition, the taste gradually ceases to be disagreeable; indeed, many of the old *habitués* of the Springs prefer the sulphur-water to any other kind. [The Professor insists that "sulphur-water" is a misnomer. "There is no sulphur in it, sir. Hydro-sulphuric acid or sulphuretted hydrogen is the word you should use;" and the next moment he is deep in a learned disquisition, elucidating to his small but admiring audience the reason why rotten eggs suggest to the vulgar their most apt comparison when describing the taste and smell of waters "impregnated with hydro-sulphuric acid."] D.

ONE of the victims of the Orange riot, in New York on the 12th of July last, was William Hartung, a German deaf-mute, and a cigar maker by trade. Like many others, actuated by curiosity, he mingled with the crowd and was killed by the fire of the troops.

THE DEAF-MUTE AND MUSIC.

Does deafness altogether exclude the enjoyment of the pleasures arising from music? Of course no one would think, from the appearance of things, of answering this question otherwise than in the affirmative. Let us make a close examination of the matter and see how it stands in point of fact.

In the first place I would call your attention to the following extract from a letter, written by Mr. Chippendale, of Winwick, which I found in *The London Quarterly Review* for 1822:

"Some years back, probably five or six, a young gentleman by the name of Arrowsmith, a member of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, came down into this country, and resided some months at Warrington, in the exercise of his profession as a miniature and portrait painter. He was quite deaf, so as to be entirely dumb. He had been taught to write, and wrote an elegant hand, in which he was enabled to express his own ideas with facility; he was also able to read and understand the ideas of others expressed in writing. It will scarcely be credited that a person thus circumstanced should be fond of music; but this was the fact in the case of Mr. Arrowsmith. He was at a gentlemen's glee club, of which I was president at that time, and, as the glees were sung, he would place himself near some article of wooden furniture, or a partition, door, or window shutter, and would fit the extreme end of his finger nails, which he kept rather long, upon the edge of some projecting part of the wood, and there remain until the piece under performance was finished, all the while expressing, by the most significant gestures, the pleasure he experienced from the perception of musical sounds. He was not so much pleased with a solo as with a pretty full clash of harmony; and if the music was not very good, or, I should rather say, if it was not correctly executed, he would show no sensation of pleasure. But the most extraordinary circumstance in this case is, that he was most evidently delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating the different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure which he received within any bounds, for the delight he evinced seemed to border on ecstasy. This was expressed most remarkably at our club, when the glee was sung with which we often conclude; it is by Stevens, and begins with the words, 'Ye spotted snakes,' from Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream. In the second stanza, on the words,

"Weaving spiders come not here,"

there is some modulation of the kind above alluded to, and here Mr. Arrowsmith would be in raptures, such as would not be exceeded by any one who *was* in immediate possession of the sense of hearing."

Does not a case so authentic as this furnish us with evidence that the deaf-mute is not wholly cut off from the pleasures of music? Why may not practice render the sense of feeling a substitute, in some degree, for the sense of hearing, so far as music is considered? Is the adage, "Practice makes perfect," to prove an exception in this respect?

We find it is an universal law of nature that "every muscular power increases in proportion to the degree of exertion to which it has been applied." The brawny arms of the blacksmith and the legs of iron of the regular pedestrian give proof of the fact. Not less correct do we find the observation when it is applied to the senses. There is abundant proof of the extreme perfection which one of the senses often attains as an organ of communication, when special attention is bestowed upon its improvement. The habit of constantly looking out for distant objects gives to the visual powers of the sailor a scope and discrimination for which we shall look in vain in those of other people. The olfactory nerves are often brought, by use, to a development sufficient for resolving "the rankest compound of villainous smell into the simples of which it is composed." The constant habit of tasting brings to a wine-taster, or a chemist, a sensibility to differences of taste that is delicate in the extreme. In some persons the auditory nerves acquire a degree of perfection which enables them to discern easily "the relative intensity of two consecutive sounds." Blind people often educate the touch to such a point of fineness that with its assistance one color can be distinguished from another. Though deprived of sight they often gain a knowledge of things as they appear to the eye from a distance, of the nature of light

itself, of the glory of the sun, as is proved in the following beautiful lines from the poems of the blind Dr. Blacklock:

"Ye vales, which to the raptured eye
Disclosed the flowery pride of May!
Ye circling hills, whose summits high
Blushed with morning's earliest ray!"

"Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violets languish and the roses glow,
In yellow glory let the crocus shine—
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips, tinged with beauty's fairest dyes."

"Oft, while the sun
Darts boundless glory through the expanse of heaven,
A gloom of congregated vapors rise,
Than night more dreadful in his blackest shroud,
And over the face of things, incumbent, hang
Portending tempest; till the source of day
Again asserts the empire of the sky,
And o'er the blotted scene of nature throws
A keener splendor."

If one so blind from infancy as Dr. Blacklock describes himself in the following verse—

"Grace and beauty blotted out from my view,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods, and streams,
One horrid blank appear"—

was capable of forming such correct conceptions of things beyond his reach, is not the deaf-mute equally capable of appreciating music by a most careful cultivation of the sense of feeling—an intellectual sense of no mean order, diffused over the whole body?

R. P.

KRUINE, THE PRUSSIAN OFFICER.

It appears (at least so says Lecomte) that a certain Kruine, a Prussian officer, young and well-looking, was troubled some two years since, in his native city of Berlin, with deafness. The affliction disturbed him excessively; all the more since he was on the eve of a successful suit for the hand of a pretty maiden of Berlin. He was one of those strangely nervous temperaments (you will remember our friend P—) who aggravate a slight ill by their constancy of thought thereabout, and multiply a difficulty into a dozen. The deafness disturbed him strangely; by ingenious arts he kept it concealed from the lady in whose affections he was hopeful of winning a place, and, by strange fatuity, drew out her opinions upon the horror of such an affliction.

"Who could love a deaf man?" said she.

The grief and trouble of poor Kruine was doubled, and feigning very wide and very false stories, he set off for Paris to consult the first surgeons of the capital. They told him (what occurs very often in troubles of the sort) that there was little hope for its removal. Despairing thus of any help from them, he caught readily at the absurdly promising proposals of a quack, (have we not such an one with us?) and submitted to his cruel experiments. Instead of good, (which followed indeed for a week,) great harm ensued, and he imagined, with fearful truth, that his hearing was grown even more difficult. He tested himself in every possible way: he lingered for hours beside the drummers of the Place Vendome; he hung about the entrance courts of the great barracks of cavalry, by the Champs de Mars, hoping to catch the sound of the trumpets; he upset the chairs at his elbow, to reckon day by day his powers of hearing.

Sometimes, as the trumpets of the men of the cavalry by the Champs de Mars gave a louder burst, or as the men of the Place Vendome touched their drums with a quicker and stronger stroke, he fancied that he was on the gain. On other days,

when the sounds told dully on his ear, he annoyed himself almost to madness with the thought that his hearing was passing away from him altogether. At these times he examined his pistols, (a friend had watched him do it,) and reckoned up the pains of life and of death. Finally—it was hardly a fortnight before the date I have put to my letter—on a day when the evil spirit was on him, and when he recalled more vividly than ever what the Berlinese damsel had said of the terrible affliction, he determined to try himself by the sound of the orchestra music in the famous Prophete. He took a place in the first range of boxes, not very far from the benches of the players. Two ladies (strangers to him) were before him; and, alone, he held one of the *fauteuils* which were in the rear of the *stalle*. He listened keenly through an act, but grew more dismally conscious of his growing misfortune; and finally, at a louder burst of music, he knew it by a sight of the score, hearing little or nothing, the thought of his trouble came quick and keen upon him, and he drew his pistol, and placing the muzzle under his chin, blew his head in fragments!

There was a rush in the house; the orchestra ceased its play; the players were aghast; the curtain dropped. The commissary of police made his appearance with his attendants, and removed the body from the *loge*. The floor was streaming with blood; fragments of the skull had fallen far and wide; ladies' dresses were bespattered with blood and brains; and with frightful particularity the French news-chroniclers tell us that a bit of the jaw was lodged upon the limb of the chandelier! Poor Kruine! he had gone where he will hear!—*Harper's Monthly*, 1854.

THAT UGLY MAN.

Once my sister Olive and myself were travelling in the cars, and to save her voice for lecturing we began conversing in the deaf and dumb language. We commented freely on the personal appearance of our fellow-passengers, and particularly upon that of a gentleman who sat immediately in front of us. The remarks were of this character: "That slab-sided fellow is deep in that book." "Yes; but what could you expect from a man with such a lantern-jaw as that." "I'm suffocating with the heat. If that ugly man had any sense or a grain of politeness he would offer to open the window, when the dunces could not help seeing how I tugged at it a moment ago." Upon which "the dunce" rose from his seat to our astonishment and with a bland smile opened the window, and then said, in the finger alphabet:

"I, too, am deaf and dumb, and should be pleased to be permitted to join your interesting conversation."

We all laughed heartily in spite of our confusion. We found that "ugly man" not only most intelligent, well-read, and entertaining, but very useful at the end of the journey, getting together shawls, bundles, baskets, bows, and all the rest of the numerous little articles indispensable to a lady travelling.

CELIA LOGAN KELLOGG.

"How have your sins been blotted out?" was asked of a poor dumb boy.

He wrote: "The bleeding hand of Jesus passed over each page in my account, so that none can read it through the stain of His blood."

Beautiful answer! The bleeding hand of Jesus writing pardons, wiping out accounts, and God sealing them with His seal of glory and resurrection; and God has sent down the Holy Ghost to tell us that Christ has been received up into glory, after He had by Himself purged our sins. Blessed news, direct from heaven.

THE SILENT WORLD.

Editors and Proprietors,

J. BURTON HOTCHKISS,
J. G. PARKINSON,JAMES DENISON,
MELVILLE BALLARD.

WASHINGTON, AUGUST, 1871.

IN the circular issued by the Empire State Association of Deaf-Mutes for its convention at Albany on the last of this month there is included an invitation to all organizations having for their object the erection of a memorial to Laurent Clerc, to meet the New York associations in convention, for the purpose of forming a National Clerc Memorial Association.

We must question the practicability of forming such an organization at present, and even its necessity is extremely doubtful. Several attempts have already been made, which, although undertaken in the best possible spirit and with a single eye to the end in view, have failed, and been productive of much misunderstanding. The causes of this result lie not so much in defects in the plans submitted or in the unpopularity of the candidates for office, as in the simple fact that a great portion of the community have felt themselves unrepresented at the gathering of mutes which undertook the organization. The proposed convention at Albany cannot claim to fully represent all parts of our land, although it will, if all existing organizations send delegates, come much nearer to it than any previous meeting of the kind. The number of associations thus far formed is not great, and they represent but a small portion of the whole community. All of the Southern States lie dormant, and many other sections have not yet taken any action. If another attempt should now be made to form a National Association it would, like its predecessors, be looked upon as a sectional affair by those districts which were not represented, and that spirit of harmony which we now strive for would be still more difficult of attainment. Let us, then, defer another attempt until all portions of the community can join in the proceedings, and direct our attention and our energies to bringing all sections of the country to feel that they have a common interest in a memorial to Clerc. Let organizations be perfected in all of the Institutions and States, and then a convention may assemble as early as practicable and decide upon all essential points.

A course like this has many advantages, and it need not interfere with the progress of the Memorial movement. The local organizations could collect the funds in their districts till the time came for the formation of a national association, and they would do it very effectually, for, having a smaller district to superintend, they could canvass it more thoroughly than the agents of a national association, be they ever so energetic; besides, the friendly rivalry between neighboring communities, or those of nearly the same size, to collect the largest sum for the memorial, would be an additional incentive, wanting in a national organization. And then the proper men for the various offices of the National Association would in the meantime show themselves by their works, and there would be little difficulty in settling on a choice satisfactory to all parties.

Of course, to render such a proceeding possible, those organizations which now aspire to be national should retire from the field, and then many of the difficulties which now hedge the path would disappear. The officers of the Association of the District of Columbia stand ready to do this. Gratified at the result of their efforts to arouse interest in this project, although not honored by having their plan universally adopted, they are willing to give way when they see that their continuance in the field is not conducive to the best interests of the enterprise.

which they have at heart. Let other associations follow their lead and show themselves equally disinterested.

STILL, while we deprecate an attempt at the formation of a national association at Albany, there are many things connected with the Clerc Memorial which we should like to see discussed at the convention. For example, there is the form the memorial shall assume; and in this connection we would recommend to the consideration of those interested the suggestion of T. G., that it be a "CLERC HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES."

The ancient Greeks would allow only monuments of wood to be erected to their dead heroes, for, said they, the fame of their deeds ought not to outlast the wood, as it will beget jealousy and strife; and they were right, for their heroes were heroes of war and rapine. The memory of our hero, unlike that of the Greeks, should live to untold generations for the good that he did; and marble is not lasting enough to perpetuate it. Besides, marble is but a cold, passive agent, that simply points the place where our hero lies; and in this "Clerc Home" we have warm, living, active benevolence—showing how he lives, and handing down his name to posterity with an added lustre for every year that records the numbers this Institution has relieved from distress and given a comfortable home in the winter of their life.

NOTES.

FOR the satisfaction of a few inquiring correspondents we would state that the article entitled "What I know about the North Pole," in the last issue of *THE SILENT WORLD*, is the literal record of a somewhat remarkable dream.

FROM a letter in *The Advance* we learn that an association was formed among the pupils of the California Institution as early as August, 1869. President, T. D'Estrella; Treasurer, J. L. Krantz. It has since received the name of the "Independent California Clerc Monument Association."

WE have received the following list of officers of "The Philadelphia Branch of the Clerc National Monument Association," formed at Ithica: Vice-President, Joseph O. Pyatt; Treasurer, Thomas J. Trist; Executive Committee, Joseph Tindall, Joseph J. Stevenson and William Cullingworth. The district includes Pennsylvania, Delaware, and that part of New Jersey south of Trenton.

THE officers and pupils of the Minnesota Institution held a meeting on the 13th of May last, and formed an association under the Washington plan, to be called the "Minnesota Branch of the Clerc Monument Association." Martin Cosgrove was elected president, and Jennie C. Cramer, secretary. The duties of the treasurer will be performed by the secretary for the present.

At Rondout, New York, a deaf mute named Levi Bodine killed a rich farmer named Hasbrouck. There were no witnesses to the deed. Bodine is totally uneducated, and can only communicate with his counsel by signs. It is proposed to educate him before trying him for his life, and we think the proposition much more sensible than the one which sought to save the life of Ruloff on the plea that he was too learned to be hung. We have lately been apprised of several cases of murder by uneducated mutes which have happened within a few months. No sadder or more forcible commentary could be made on the evils of allowing the deaf and dumb to remain in mental darkness. Let us haste, then, and place the blessings of education within the reach of every one who is shut off from the ordinary channels of improvement by the loss of hearing and speech.

WE desire to tender our thanks to *The College World*, of Princeton College, New Jersey, for printing the prospectus of THE SILENT WORLD in full. For this exhibition of good-will, as well as for the cordial unanimity with which the advent of our paper was welcomed by the Press of the country, we are deeply grateful, and, at the same time, we feel the great responsibility resting upon us to make THE SILENT WORLD come up to the expectations formed of it by its friends. We have assumed no light task considering the particular nature of our field of labor, but we enter it strong in the hope that the paper will in the end meet all just expectations.

THE New York mutes are making great preparations for their coming convention on the last days of this month, and we hope that all of their anticipations of profit and enjoyment will be more than fulfilled. The conventions of the Empire State Association are always well attended, owing to the good management of those who have these gatherings in charge. The coming convention will, if anything, surpass its predecessors in profit and interest to those who attend, if we may judge by the programme before us. We look forward to the banquet and social reunion, to be held in Congress Hall on the evening of the 31st, with no little pleasurable anticipation.

THE letter of G. Chippendale, Esq., an extract from which R. P. gives in his article on the "Deaf and Music," and credits to *The London Quarterly Review* for 1822, was first published in *The Bath and Cheltenham Gazette* of the 14th of January, 1818. The case is truly extraordinary. Mr. Arrowsmith, the subject of the letter, was born deaf and dumb, and was remarkably well educated, through the exertions of his mother, who was a woman of a firm and energetic character. She so persistently scouted the idea that her son could not be instructed with hearing and speaking children, and so urgently insisted on his attending school with his brothers, that the schoolmistress was obliged to undertake his education, and time showed the wisdom of the mother's course in the rapid improvement of her son. She always treated him as she did his brothers; he was not indulged to a greater or less degree, and the boy grew up manly and independent. Parents who spoil their deaf-mute children through excessive indulgence may profit by this mother's good sense. Her son afterward became an artist of fair merit, if we may judge by the specimens of his work before us, in a book on "The Art of Instructing the Infant Deaf and Dumb," the copper-plates of which were drawn and engraved by him.

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[CORRESPONDENCE.]

THE CLERC MONUMENT.

MESSRS EDITORS: It has become a very interesting matter to watch the progress of the movement now taking place in the deaf-mute community of this country to erect a monument to the memory of Laurent Clerc. Just at the present time the condition of the various organizations seems complicated. The clouds which have assumed a threatening aspect will, however, doubtless soon roll away, and the sunshine of harmony will enlighten the pathway toward complete success in obtaining the necessary fund.

Allow me to respectfully ask whether there is no other way of expending the money in a memorial of the man so dear to deaf-mutes than rearing a monument of perishable marble. There are scattered here and there over the land, in alms-houses and abodes of poverty, scores of deaf-mutes, who in various ways have become unable to labor and support themselves. There should be a National Home for them. What more fitting and lasting memorial could there be of him whom deaf-mutes wish to honor than "THE CLERC HOME FOR AGED AND INFIRM DEAF-MUTES?"

T. G.

THE FANWOOD LITERARY ASSOCIATION
AND THE CLERC MEMORIAL.

Much friendly expectation was aroused at the New York Institution by the prospectus of THE SILENT WORLD; its first number has, on the whole, proved well fitted to encounter all friendly criticism. But the cordiality with which it was received was checked by the extraordinary attack, in the article on the Clerc Memorial, upon the Fanwood Literary Association. The writer charges this body with "seriously embarrassing the [Washington] movement," by what he styles a proclamation of distrust and non-concurrence. This formidable society is omitted from the appended list; and the reader is left to imagine its location and membership, guided only by the mention, directly before and after its name, of "New York." This term is everywhere else in the article used to designate the Branch Clerc Monument Association of New York, New Jersey, and Canada; here, it appears to mean the New York Institution. Such vagueness is unfortunate in a professed history.

A statement of the character of the Fanwood Literary Association, and of its position in the Clerc Monument movement, appeared in the July *Advance* and *Home Circle*. Briefly, it may here be described as a literary and social society, of several years' standing, embracing the Principal, instructors and pupils of the New York Institution, and no others. Its individual members had from the first been deeply interested in the Clerc Memorial, but desirous to keep out of the confusion which unhappily arose. At last, weary of being bombarded with rival circulars, they concluded to use the machinery of their literary association to raise a subscription among themselves, and hold it under their own control until a sincere and vigorous effort to bring into unison all the existing scattered and discordant societies had either succeeded or hopelessly failed. The resolutions expressing this determination H. must have read very cursorily, if at all; for he translates the announcement, "that for the present it will not be auxiliary to any body already formed or to be formed," into "holding aloof from all associations whatever," and says nothing of the immediately subsequent cordial avowal of readiness to unite with *all* organizations working for this object in an American Association, or of the earnest pledge to erect a memorial single-handed, if need be.

The Fanwood Literary Association refuses, not to co-operate with others, but to place itself under the control of any apparently sectional clique—to be involved in the clashing and rivalry of such parties. If the effect of making public this refusal has been to induce any, whether graduates of the New York Institution or not, to adopt a similar independent and neutral course, the result has been precisely what was desired.

These words have been followed by deeds for which H. gives the F. L. A. no credit. By the end of the school-year it had collected over five hundred and twenty-five dollars; and measures are being concerted by which this sum will, it is hoped, be largely increased. Much of this fund was indeed called out by the letter addressed in its behalf by the Principal to the parents and friends of pupils. Liberal as were the responses, (some sending as much as ten dollars,) still more gratifying were the earnest words accompanying them, manifesting the most profound and often most touching appreciation by parents of the humanizing and elevating influences their children owe in such large measure to the labors of the venerable Clerc. But large sums were also contributed by pupils directly, in many cases out of their own earnings, and by the Principal and instructors.

The collection of their own fund is felt by the officers of the F. L. A. to be their first duty; still they have not neglected opportunities for communication with other societies, and in

particular they joined in the conference resulting in the call, signed by Mr. Rider, for a National Convention. To them is owing the recommendation that no action with regard to national officers be taken until its meeting. This invitation was promptly accepted, and this recommendation heartily endorsed, by an unanimous vote of the Association, and representatives at the convention unanimously elected, with the stipulation that the recommendations of the convention should be submitted to the Association for ratification.

In the concerted and vigorous action of the F. L. A. in the matter of the Clerc Memorial—as in all the affairs of the Association—the Principal, amid the manifold cares of, by far, the largest Institution in the world, at the close of a year of unexampled trial, to his high and lasting honor, took a leading part. To his enthusiasm, faith, and sagacity are largely owing the success achieved.

Appended is a list of the officers for the current year, and of the representatives at the National Clerc Monument Convention.

Councillor and Chairman of the Executive Committee, (ex-officio,) Isaac Lewis Peet; President, Henry Winter Syle; Vice-President, William G. Jones; Secretary, Fort Lewis Seliney; Treasurer, Charles W. Van Tassell; Librarian, Sidney H. Howard; Readers, Albert P. Knight, W. F. Johnston, Jr.; Directors, Henry Dennis Reaves and Alphonso Johnson.

Delegates, Messrs. Peet, Syle, Seliney, Reaves and Jewell. Alternates, Messrs. Van Tassell, Lloyd, Jones, Howard and Siegman.

HENRY WINTER SYLE.

[The tone of the preceding article is to be regretted, as it implies an attitude of hostility on the part of H. toward the Fanwood Literary Association. Mr. Syle can rest assured that nothing was farther from the thought and intent of H. in penning this article on the Clerc Memorial movement than an attack upon this Society; and he believes that no candid and unprejudiced person would lay that charge at his door upon a perusal of the article in question. There is nothing in it that warrants its being stigmatized as an "attack," still less as an "extraordinary attack," so extraordinary, Mr. Syle says, "as to check the cordiality with which the first number of *THE SILENT WORLD* was received at New York." Through all Mr. Syle's elaborately and ingeniously worded sentences there is nothing to show that this charge is not the production of a rather vivid imagination. "Sonny, you kicked Molly Blair's lamb?" "Yes, dad, I did; and I would kick any lamb that rushed out of its field and bit me in the neck."

Mr. Syle evidently allowed the impression that the Washington Clerc Monument Association cherishes feelings of envious rivalry toward the Fanwood Literary and the New York Clerc Associations to warp his judgment and lead him to magnify mole hills to mountains. All the inferences he draws from H's article misrepresent the truth, and some of them are really absurd.

Mr. Syle intimates that if the effect of the circular of the Fanwood Literary Association "has been to induce any, whether graduates of the New York Institution or not, to adopt a similar independent and neutral course, the result has been precisely what was desired." Now, as the object of the "Washington movement" was to secure united and harmonious co-operation, such a circular would "embarrass" it, and in truth did; and H. does not see why Mr. Syle should take exception to his plain statement of the fact.

Mr. Syle's complaint that H. leaves the reader to imagine the location and membership of the Fanwood Literary Association is simply puerile, for the location is made sufficiently plain to all but perverse eyes; while the impression that is sought to be conveyed by calling attention to the omission of

this Association from the appended list of H's article in the way he does is a sample of the fairness of the inferences which Mr. Syle draws. The omission was the result of an oversight, arising partly from the confusion caused by the existence of so many Associations in New York, all having, more or less, the same persons for officers; and partly from the fact that the Fanwood Literary Association is not an organization formed for the specific purpose of erecting a memorial to Laurent Clerc.

But without going further into explanations it is sufficient to give the crowning absurdity of Mr. Syle's charges. He says that H. gives the Fanwood Literary Association no credit for having collected five hundred and twenty-five dollars *by the end of the school-year*.

Now it happens that the July number of *THE SILENT WORLD* was published before the end of the school-year, and of course the article was written some time before the publication; so H. stands accused of giving the Fanwood Literary Association no credit for collecting five hundred and twenty-five dollars *before they had collected it*.

H. is obliged to own that there is some truth in this charge, but he begs leave to present the following facts as being some palliation for his offence. By a reference to his article it will be seen that, speaking of the circular-letter of the principal of the New York Institution, he says: "We understand that the appeal of Mr. Peet is being responded to liberally, over \$200 having been raised at this writing." He obtained his information from Mr. Syle himself, who did not say that Mr. Peet was working for the Fanwood Literary Association, and there was no intimation of the fact in the circular-letter of Mr. Peet to the parents and friends of the pupils, and H. thought that in giving Mr. Syle's figures he should at least satisfy him. The sequel has proved otherwise; nevertheless H. humbly thinks he is not to blame.]

JONATHAN WHIPPLE'S DEAF-MUTE SCHOOL.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican has some correspondence giving an account of a small deaf-mute school in the town of Mystic, Connecticut, conducted by a man named Jonathan Whipple. We make the following extracts:

"Jonathan Whipple is an old man of well nigh fourscore years, but his heart is warm and his force unabated; he, however, has little to do with the teaching. Zerah C. Whipple, his grandson, has charge of that. He is a young man of about 20 years, and has learned the art from his grandfather of teaching deaf-mutes to read the lips and to articulate. It is a family school. We were invited to the school-room, which attracted our attention as we entered; it is hung full of objects, all calculated to address the eye. No implement of sound is in the room, and the school might be called the 'silent academy.' There are two black-boards on opposite sides of the room; one divided into four columns by lines of chalk, and in each column are written words. In one, for instance, is written 'Fan, Boy, Far, Near, Man, House' in another, 'Water, Butter, Woman, Mother,' etc. To get the ideas of what these signs mean is among the earliest lessons. On the other blackboard was a short history of this country, which read something as follows: 'A great many years ago red men lived in this country. Then a man named Christopher Columbus sailed across the ocean and found it. He sailed with three ships a great many days before he came to the land and saw the red men, The people in Europe, where Columbus lived, called the country America. Then other people came over from Europe and built houses in America, and planted gardens and orchards. It was the year 1492 when Columbus found America.' In one corner hung a card with a variety of colors upon

it in little squares, yellow, red, blue, green, brown, etc. On a sheet of paper hung against the wall was a pencil drawing representing three suns on a semi-circle; under the sun nearest the east was the picture of a table with dishes on it, and under that was printed 'Breakfast.' Under the sun in the highest part of the arc was another table, and under that was printed 'Dinner,' and so for the sun at the west side of the picture was a table with 'Supper' printed underneath. By such laborious means are ideas, or rather names of ideas, which other children acquire as it were intuitively, conveyed to these children. There were map drawings by the scholars, and tolerable pictures of faces which they had seen.

"As soon as the scholars were all seated, Mr. Whipple took a little red-aproned boy astride his knee and began giving him a lesson in the alphabet and in words of three letters, such as those in the first column of the blackboard. There is no spelling-book or penknife about it, but there is a deal of articulation. The little red apron grasps Mr. Whipple by the throat with his left hand and lays hold of his own Adam's apple with his right. Down through the alphabet they go, the master first sounding 'a,' 'b,' etc., and then little red apron. When he came to 'f,' Mr. Whipple puts the back of one hand before his own lips and the back of the other in front of little red apron's, and 'f' comes out in good fashion. So with 'g' and 'h.' Then for 'i,' back goes little red apron's hand for his master's throat and for his own, but he misses the sound; then the master sounds 'i,' clear and full, but red apron scatters. Again he sounds it, 'ah-ee,' long and full, and this time the vocal organs have recorded a distinction on his fingers, and he rolls out, 'ah-ee.' With 'k' he can do nothing, and they have to give it up for the present, and so with 'q.' But 'r' is a grand letter for the mutes, and they are as good as Frenchmen on it. 'Spell boy.' Red apron keeps his hold of the throat and watches the lips, and then spells 'b-o-y, boy'—then points to the word in the first column on the blackboard then strikes his forefinger on his own breast. 'Spell man.' 'M-a-n, man,' and he points to the blackboard for the word, and to me for the illustration. 'Spell baby.' He began 'b-a, ba-ba-ba-ba—' and there is no telling when he would have stopped if the teacher hadn't stopped him. 'Oh, you've got too much.' He saw 'oh,' and saw the look of dissatisfaction on his teacher's face, and halted—with his hand to the throat and his eyes to the lips. The word is pronounced again, and he succeeds in spelling it. Then he points to the board and thrusts his finger down to the floor, to let us know that there is a baby down stairs in a cradle. Call him a baby he will cry. But ask him what he is and he will spell 'b-o-y, boy.' This little fellow has been in the school about six weeks. When he first came communication had to be set up between him and Mr. Whipple. There was no way in which they could understand each other, and a beginning must be made. Mr. Whipple took the boy upon his lap and held him until he cried, then, thrusting his hand to his throat, he gave him his first lesson.

"Another boy was called up, Willie Downing, who has been under Mr. Whipple's tuition for a year and a half. He recited in geography. Every question must be put slowly and thoroughly articulated; he takes it from the lips, and does not use the hand except in the dark, and then his hand must be upon the throat of the person who talks with him. He gives his answers very slowly, articulates every elementary sound in a word, and shows a good deal of knowledge for a boy only 11 years old. And yet, before he came to this school, he was unable to have one word of intercourse with his own father and mother. He read aloud the history on the blackboard, and read a story about two squirrels, in a book he has. We could understand him about as well as you would understand a

foreigner who was acquiring our language. There would be the same misplacing of accents, the same ups and downs in inflection, and the same strong articulation. While he was reciting his lesson he caught sight of our horse out of the window, and looking at his teacher, said, 'Name.' Mr. Whipple inquired the name of the horse and then wrote on the slate 'Rocket,' and told the boy to spell it. He spelt the word and pronounced it, and then our names were given him and duly spelt and pronounced. Mr. Whipple tells me that the children, when once started, show great interest in acquiring knowledge, and are watching everybody's lips. But many persons articulate words so indistinctly that they can make nothing of what they say; beards and moustaches are also an obstacle to lip-reading, but by practice the children become expert, and, like type-setters, become skillful at unraveling poor writing on the lips.

"Jonathan Whipple is, perhaps, the first man that ever taught articulation and lip-reading in this country. A poor man, with very limited education, occupied in cultivating a small, rocky farm during the summer months, and in the winter time going from one neighborhood to another to butcher hogs, he is better known as honest old Jonathan Whipple, the hog-skinner, than as the discoverer of a system of teaching the dumb to talk. And yet there is not in this country or in Europe a man who more thoroughly understands the art of teaching this system than this plain old man, and many a teacher, on either continent, could learn of him. It was necessity and love of his own offspring that led him to the discovery, and much that is valuable will die with him unless somebody takes pains to preserve it.

"His discovery was made in this wise. He had a son, Enoch Whipple, now a man forty-five years of age, who was born deaf. Enoch was a bright, intelligent lad, and to see him thus crippled in his efforts to gain knowledge was painful to his father. Mr. Whipple noticed that his son would sit and watch his lips when talking, and the thought occurred to him that he might be made to understand from the motion of his lips what he was saying. The child was not so deaf but what he could hear sound when sufficiently loud. Mr. Whipple claims that the instances are very rare indeed where a deaf person cannot be made to hear some sound. Twenty years ago or more the old gentleman was at the Hartford Asylum, where they told him that the children couldn't hear any sound, not even a car whistle. Mr. Whipple thought they could, and asked the privilege of trying. Permission was granted, and he put his forefinger to his mouth and fetched a whistle that would have startled the dead. The consequence was that nearly every child's head went up. Not every teacher has the qualification in this respect that old Mr. Whipple has; his voice is so powerful, so terrific, that horses and cattle have been known to tremble under it. His son could hear him when he shouted; for years that was the only way in which he could convey to his mind anything. The boy noticed his father's lips when he shouted, and soon learned to understand by the sign the lips made as much as by the sound. So the father mouthed to him such things as he had learned to understand. Years ago, when they were butchering, we have seen Mr. Whipple touch Enoch on the shoulder, get his attention, and then mouth to him something to do. No one else could talk to him or make him understand a word. This was the beginning, and a natural one. If the boy could learn a few things from the lips, he could learn many things, and so the father went on teaching him, first the alphabet and then to read, during the long winters. And now any stranger might meet Enoch and talk with him by the hour, provided it was light, and the only peculiarity that he would notice would be the close attention he would receive. We know of a woman whom he very much frightened.

She had heard of Enoch, and that he was deaf and dumb; he came to their house to butcher, and during the butchering he cut his finger and went into the house to have it done up. Like most mutes, he is silent unless spoken to, so he only held out his finger as she came to do it up. She began talking to her servant girl, saying, 'I am sorry this poor dumb man has cut his finger.' Enoch saw what she was saying, and said, in his slow, melancholy way, 'Accidents will happen.' The woman was terrified and fainted. She supposed that his tongue had been unloosed, and that she had witnessed a miracle. Well, it is a miracle, like those which Jesus himself wrought when on earth. Like His in benevolence, and only unlike His in this, that by slow method and patient teaching this venerable old man must accomplish in years what He effected in a moment."

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Among the institutions which the philanthropist has founded for the betterment of human society is the House of Refuge. This is a combination of a reformatory and a school, designed to deliver the young delinquent from the pending evils of a shiftless career, and train him up for a better life. Those who are found wandering away from the influences of a good home may find within the walls of this Institution a place of safety, where they will have an opportunity to escape from the wreck of body and soul.

The pupils are by law required to remain in the Institution during their minority. They are initiated into the habits of industry by means of regular, systematic labor a certain number of hours each day; and, as an auxiliary, but of a higher importance, academic instruction is given them a proportionate number of hours. Religious exercises are conducted in the chapel every morning and evening, and a regular service is held every Sunday. These three elements of discipline are calculated to infuse a new life into the young delinquent, and can hardly be expected to fail of the desired effect.

The benefit which the community derives from the House of Refuge is apparent from the testimony of the reports of the different institutions. It appears that a great number of the discharged inmates are leading honorable lives and doing steady work, while only a small proportion relapse into their former habits of vagrancy and vice.

The origin of these institutions may be traced to the establishment of Sunday Schools, by Raikes, about the year 1781, at Gloucester and elsewhere in England, for the express purpose of reclaiming vagrant and viciously inclined children. And since that time, numerous institutions of this kind have arisen in Europe and America.

The writer recently paid a visit to the House of Refuge at Baltimore, Md. This Institution is a fine, large, gray-stone building, located on a high, pleasant hill about two miles from the centre of the city, just out of its boundary line. It commands a very fine view of the city and its harbor, and of the bay further down, and also of the beautiful scenery of the surrounding country. The site was well chosen, as its proximity to the bay on one side and to the country on the other renders it capable of producing an elevating influence upon the mind through an insight into the beauties of nature.

This Institution contains nearly four hundred pupils of ages ranging from five to twenty years. Its accommodations are admirably arranged with particular reference to the comfort of the inmates. The amiable wife of the superintendent kindly offered to show us about the buildings, as her husband was, unfortunately, at this time confined to his room by sickness, and the offer was gladly accepted. We passed through the different departments with an increasing interest to know the *modus operandi* pursued in the management of the Institution.

First, we went into the female department, in a separate house, at a distance from the main building. There are seventeen girls in this house. They are taught the common household duties.

Then we entered the several shops. In the first of these we found some small boys weaving willows. Their perfect familiarity with the trade was apparent from the facility with which they plied their fingers at the work, which grew under their touch like magic, even while their eyes and attention were fixed upon our sign making. We also saw the boot, shoe and harness, broom and tailor shops, and in all of them the boys seemed attending to their work with commendable zeal. We noticed that the boys learn the trades with tools of the latest pattern, and we thought that some of the Institutions for the deaf and dumb, which make it a rule to furnish the oldest tools to the boys, might exhibit better results by doing likewise, for we were told that the boys take more interest in their work, and learn faster and do neater work, when they have good tools.

In the laundry we saw large boys performing the duties of washerwomen, and we were shown some specimens of their work—shirts nicely done-up, with bosoms neatly smoothed. In the kitchen the cooks were also some of the boys, and those at work over the kneading-troughs preparing flour and gingerbread seemed to enjoy their work, for they pitched into the dough with clenched fists in a way that showed their street education in the manly art had been quite thorough.

We then passed into the large and pleasant dining-hall, capable of seating four hundred persons, and saw some of the boys scrubbing the floor; indeed, the entire household work seemed to be done by the boys. Passing along an upper corridor we caught hurried glimpses of a number of small sleeping-rooms and three or four large dormitories, which were all arranged and furnished in a manner evincing solicitude for the comfort of the pupils. The hospitals are pleasant and comfortable, as they should always be in such institutions, and every room looked remarkably neat, and the floors very clean. The school-rooms were pleasant, and, judging from the report of the Institution, special care is taken to give the pupils a good education. They have a committee whose duty is to examine the school every month.

One thing in the chapel, a large commodious hall, struck us as being very applicable to deaf-mute institutions. It was a large scroll, hanging on a frame and having religious hymns printed on it in large letters. It might in some degree among the deaf and dumb take the place which singing occupies with the hearing.

Sacred music is taught the pupils by the wife of the Superintendent. In this connection we were informed that there is a brass band whose members are selected from among the pupils. They had attained such proficiency that the city government last summer requested this band to give weekly concerts at the public parks.

While the pupils are expected to attend to their duties in the school and shop, their frolicsome propensities are not ignored, and a considerable time is allowed them for recreation; but there are always restless spirits who are not satisfied anywhere, much less here, where the restraint from wrong-doing makes it a sort of prison to them, and the following incident, which was told us, will serve to show how much such boys will undergo to escape from what seemed to us a very pleasant home.

Two boys resolved on the first opportunity to flee from the House. It came one dark, stormy night, and eluding the vigilance of the officers, they scaled the wall at a place where, while at play, they had found it could be accomplished with some difficulty. The stones had become slippery in the rain, and it was harder than they expected, and more than once their hearts jumped into their throats at some sound that seemed to herald

their detection. At last the top of the wall was gained, and they stopped only to take breath before they clambered down the other side, which was done quicker than the ascent, as they fell half way. But, bruised as they were, the thought that they were outside of the walls lent them strength, and up they sprang as soon as they touched the ground, and had a hard run across the fields to the shelter of the forest. They wandered on from day to day, suffering hunger and thirst, and sleeping in haystacks and barns, afraid to show themselves to any one, and constantly having the fear of recapture before their eyes, till they reached Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Here the officer who had been on their track overtook them, and their little dream of liberty was over. These enterprising youths might well remember the wise words which a boy in the Reform School near Portland, Maine, put in a letter to one of his old mates at home: "Bill, if you mean to make anything of yourself in the world, you must get taken up and sent here. You cannot do anything at home."

One feature of the management of the Institution is worthy of notice. When the boys are sent to the Institution, their names are entered upon private books in charge of the Superintendent, and numbers are given them, so that their mates and visitors may not know their names. The writer remembers seeing the number 1860 on one boy. When they are discharged, their names are restored to them as if they had received a new baptism. This stimulates them to enter upon a new and better life.

We came away with the impression that everything possible was done for the moral and intellectual development of the pupils of this House of Refuge, and with a sincere hope that every other institution was doing this good work with the same wisdom, patience, and success which characterize the management of this one.

A SILENT OBSERVER.

MEXICO.

Mexico, a thriving, pleasant town of about 1,300 inhabitants, situated in Oswego county, N. Y., six miles from Lake Ontario, and 15 east of Oswego, has become a point of interest to deaf-mutes. In December, 1857, at the Presbyterian church in this town, Mr. Henry C. Rider and Miss Helen A. Chandler, graduates of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, were united in marriage by the writer, who then made his first visit to the place in which he has since passed so many pleasant days. The following year, Mr. John W. Chandler, the deaf-mute brother of the bride, married Miss Grace J. Colvin, of Buffalo, also a deaf-mute, and brought his wife to his home in Mexico. Some time afterward, Miss H. Augusta Avery took up her abode with Mr. and Mrs. Chandler. Thus there was formed in Mexico the nucleus of what has proved to be a very interesting church work among the deaf-mutes of Oswego and the adjoining counties. During the last few years occasional services for deaf-mutes have been held in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches and the hall which was used as a temporary place of worship by the Episcopalians. Quite a number of deaf-mutes, with their children, have been baptized. Several have been confirmed and received to the communion. The marriage ceremony has been performed two or three times.

One of the most touching and impressive services ever held by the writer took place four years ago last spring. It was commemorative of Mr. John W. Chandler, who had died a few weeks before, while holding the office of the first president of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association. From the service the large congregation walked in solemn procession to the cemetery, and, as they stood around the grave of their late associate and friend, realized the shortness and uncertainty of human life, and thought of the wonderful resurrection which the Saviour of the world has promised.

In June, 1870, the corner-stone of Grace Church, Mexico, was laid by Bishop Huntington. After one year of self-denying, earnest labors, under the guidance of the Rev. Messrs. Pattison and Watson, and the senior warden, Mr. L. H. Conklin, the beautiful stone edifice was opened for public worship on the 16th of last June. It will not be consecrated until the debt of \$6,000 is paid.

Last Sunday the writer exchanged duties with the Rev. Mr. Watson, and conducted the services at Grace Church. In anticipation of the special service to be held at 2½ P. M., deaf-mutes began to arrive on Saturday, and on Sunday forenoon the residents of the neighborhood came on foot or in their own conveyances. Most of the visitors were hospitably entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Rider.

The whole service was conducted in the sign-language, according to the order of the Book of Common Prayer. The text of the sermon was a part of the 20th verse of the 16th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John: "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."

The attention of the deaf-mute congregation was called to the fact that the chancel window of this free church, in which deaf-mutes will always receive a hearty welcome, will be a memorial of John W. Chandler. The cost of this stained-glass window, now being made by Mr. Morgan, of New York, will be \$340. It will present the scene of our Saviour healing the deaf man. It will be in its place in the course of a few weeks. Contributions toward the expense will be thankfully acknowledged by Mr. Henry C. Rider, the President of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association.

The writer hopes to have stated services for deaf-mutes at Grace Church, in connection with "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes."

T. G.

JOHN C. COVELL has been removed from the office of principal of the Virginia Institution, at Staunton, and Mr. Chas. D. McCoy, teacher of the high class in the department for the blind, has been elevated to the vacated post. The cause of this action is not generally known.

A MYSTERIOUS deaf girl has been agitating San Francisco. A reporter went to interview her the other day, and while taking down the points he indulged in remarks that would not have been complimentary if she could have heard them. She stood it for some time, but finally emptied the coal scuttle over him and threw him down stairs. He doesn't believe she is deaf.

"And when grandest truths are uttered,
And when holiest depths are stirred,
When our God himself draws nearest,
The still, small voice is heard."

During a severe thunder storm a little, motherless girl of three years nestled closely to her aunt, and with a sweet, inquiring look, said, "Aunty, what is thunder? Who makes it?" "It is God speaking to us; it is His voice," replied her aunt. The little girl looked down, and, with a grieved and disappointed expression, said, "Why, Aunty, I thought when God spoke to us He said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and such things as that." Her faith was "not in the whirlwind," "not in the storm," but "in the still, small voice." We who are bearing the heat and burden of the day might well learn a lesson from this little one of the love and tenderness of God in all His dealings with us.

G. G.

MARRIED.

We are happy to record the marriage of EDWARD A. FAY, of the National Deaf-Mute College, Editor of *The Annals*, to Miss MARY BRADSHAW, of Brooklyn, on July 6, 1871. The bride and groom have the best wishes of THE SILENT WORLD.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

AMERICAN ASYLUM.

THE next term commences September 13th.

William O'Neill, a lad of about 12 years of age, and a pupil in the Asylum, was killed while walking on the track of the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill railroad, near Manchester, Conn., on the afternoon of June 28. He had left Hartford for Rockville in the morning to visit some friends during the vacation, but after being there a short time he disappeared, and it seems started to walk back to Hartford on the railroad track. As the train approached the engineer saw him and tried to warn him of his danger by blowing the whistle, but to no effect, the cow-catcher striking him and breaking one leg short off, and throwing him back upon the locomotive and breaking his skull. His lifeless body then fell by the side of the track.

NEW YORK.

THE principal, Mr. I. L. Peet, is enjoying the vacation with his family on his farm near Lake Erie.

The assistant matron, Mrs. Totten, retires from her position on the first of September. Many years of arduous and faithful service have well entitled her to a season of rest, and the Institution will be fortunate if it finds a successor as well qualified.

The amount of donations from parents and friends of pupils to the Clerc Monument Fund exceeds \$500.

A very sad accident happened here on the 3d of June last. Wilfred Welch, a very interesting boy of nine years, from Buffalo, on Saturday afternoon ran down to the dock just across the railroad, trundling a hoop which he had picked up. Intent on his hoop, he did not see the train approaching on the other side, and the monitor in charge of the dock strove to warn him by waving and throwing pebbles, but in vain, and then ran to pluck him from the track, but the iron monster, thundered on, forcing the rescuer backward, and, striking little Wilfred on the shoulder and head, sent him through the air fifty feet. He was carried up to the Institution, his blood flowing all the way and leaving a gory track in the hall and up the stairs. He lived about three hours. Since then the pupils are strictly forbidden to go down the hill toward the railroad, unless in care of some judicious person who can hear the coming of a train.

Mr. John R. Burnet, who has our thanks for kindly furnishing us with items from this Institution, spends the summer on his farm at Livingston, New Jersey.

WISCONSIN.

THE vacation commenced one week earlier than the regular time, namely, June 21.

The State Board of Charities and several State officers attended the exhibition of some of the classes the day before the school closed.

There was no graduating class this year.

Miss Northrup, one of the teachers, resigned her position at the close of the school on account of impaired health.

Last winter all the boards of trustees of the charitable and penal institutions of the State were reduced to five to each institution, and a central board of five created, called the State Board of Charities.

Mr. McCoy was to have a tin wedding on a gigantic scale at his commodious and elegant residence on the 11th of July.

Mr. Williams, a teacher in the Minnesota Institution, accepted a similar position here last January, and has given entire satisfaction, and the deaf and dumb are indebted to him for the deep interest shown in their behalf.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Rideout have made a boat, nicknamed it the "Polaris," and are navigating Lake Como, and killing time in piscatorial exercises.

GEORGIA.

THIS institution is located at Cave Spring, a place of unsurpassed beauty and healthfulness, and is in a prosperous condition. The school now numbers about fifty pupils, and there are at least one hundred more in the State who ought to be enjoying the benefits of the Institution. All good citizens should aid the State officers in finding them and urging their attendance at school.

The annual examinations took place on the 5th of July, and vacation commenced the next day. A highly entertaining exhibition was given by the mutes, under the direction of the principal, Mr. W. O. Conner, at the conclusion of the examination exercises. The entertainment consisted of tableaux, pantomimes, and shadow pictures, and was really a fine amateur performance. The large hall was crowded, and all were delighted with the presentations.

Mr. James S. Davis has been elected first assistant teacher, but is not to be employed unless the anticipated increase of the school should require his services.

An appropriation of four or five thousand dollars is greatly needed for the purpose of erecting a hospital building and for repairing the other structures. The State has hitherto doled out money very sparingly to this Institution, and many of its needs have had to go unsatisfied.

MICHIGAN.

THE examinations at this Institution were conducted by Rev. George E. Day, D. D., of Yale College, as chairman of the committee, assisted by Rev. Dr. Landon, of Monroe, and Dr. Thompson, of Lansing. They expressed themselves satisfied with the attainments of the classes. The most advanced class, taught by Mr. Thomas L. Brown, sustained an excellent examination in Ethics and Physical Geography.

Previous to the examination, Mr. Marcus Kerr, of Jackson, a graduate of the Institution, and formerly a student of the National Deaf-Mute College for about one year, brought some 15 of his pictures and adorned the wall of the reception room with them. He is considered a fine painter of portraits. By indomitable perseverance and unceasing industry he is rising to eminence as an artist. Among the pictures were two photographs of Dr. T. H. Gallaudet, which were well finished. The trustees purchased the larger portrait, and it is to be hung in the reception room of the Institution. It is considered to be an excellent likeness of that philanthropist. It is understood that Mr. Kerr will present to the Institution his portrait of Clerc.

When the regular exercises of the term closed, the Rev. Dr. Day was called upon to make a few remarks. He expressed his admiration of what he had seen during his visit, stating that in all his experience he had never seen more satisfactory examinations. He said that he thought the corps of instructors and the Institution buildings almost all that could be asked for. He spoke strongly against the connection between the deaf and dumb and the blind, and said he hoped to see the time when separate Institutions in this State would be had for the deaf and dumb and for the blind.

The vacation continues 11 weeks, and the next term commences on the 13th of September.

W. L. M. B.

MARYLAND.

THE work on the new edifice is progressing steadily. The walls are now up to the second story all round. The third story is under way. The whole building will be prepared for the Mansard roof some time in September, and all completed, ready for occupancy, next July. It presents at this time a very commanding appearance. The workmanship is of a superior character. Those interested in this noble institution are sanguine of obtaining another appropriation of \$100,000 from the legislature at its next session, which will enable them to construct the contemplated wings and other necessary additions. It will then make an edifice in all respects creditable to the State and the philanthropic object for which it was projected.

LOUISIANA.

Mr. Henry C. English, a teacher in the Institution at Baton Rouge, was lately married to a Miss Mary M. Morrison, of Lexington, Missouri. Both are mutes.

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE annual examination of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institute took place at Temperance Hall on Saturday afternoon last. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. His Worship the Mayor occupied the chair. He briefly expressed the pleasure he felt at being called upon to preside, and introduced the principal of the Institute. Mr. Hutton said that before proceeding with the examination a short account of the statistics and working of the Institution might not be uninteresting to the audience. Since the establishment of the school, fourteen years ago, one hundred and thirty-four deaf mutes had undergone a regular course of training. During the whole period, the general health of the pupils of the Institute had been singularly good—there had been few cases of sickness and only two deaths. The course of studies pursued had, for its main object, the instruction of deaf-mutes in the knowledge and use of written characters, and other branches were, for the most part, only taught as subordinate to the attainment of that object. There had been forty pupils, twenty-five boys and fifteen girls, under instruction at the Institute during the past term. They were all natives of this and the neighboring Provinces. They were divided into five classes, and were under the charge of three teachers. The audience would not be able to form an adequate idea of their proficiency by the exercises which were to follow, and he cordially invited all who took an interest in the Institution to pay it a visit, and see the pupils exercise at school. The examination then commenced. The different classes were examined in arithmetic, geography, natural history, and the construction of sentences. Their proficiency in the art of writing was very apparent, and the readiness and intelligence with which they answered several questions on religion showed that that all-important branch had not been neglected. A vocal class has been instituted. One of the boys read the Lord's Prayer quite intelligibly. After the examination several amusing plays were enacted, in which the actors displayed considerable dramatic power. The proceedings were brought to a conclusion by a representation of the battle of David and Goliath, and a recitation of the Lord's Prayer in pantomime. The children all looked comfortable and happy, and their teachers appear to enjoy their entire confidence. The band of the 78th regiment, by permission of Col. McKenzie, was in attendance, and interspersed the proceedings with music.—*Halifax Citizen*, July 11.

THE COLLEGE RECORD.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, AUG., 1871.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

There was an exhibition of the pupils of the Primary Department on the 28th of June. It was given for the benefit of the relatives and friends of the pupils, and they were out in force. The proficiency of the scholars in all the practical branches of education was very gratifying to their friends, while the manner in which some of them rendered pieces of verse into signs and gave exhibitions of their skill in drawing reflected great credit upon themselves and upon their teachers. After the reading of the roll of honor, the exercises closed by a prayer and benediction from Prof. Chickering. The following is the—

ROLL OF HONOR.

First Grade—Unblemished Record for eight months—the whole of the scholastic year during which a record was kept: Amanda M. Karns, Sarah J. Wells, Josephine Sardo, Arthur D. Bryant, Paxton Pollard, James H. Purvis, Henry Trieschmann, Jr.

Second Grade—For seven months: Justina Bevan.

Third Grade—For six months: Sarah A. Gourley, Mary E. McDonald, James McBride.

Fourth Grade—For five months: Grace A. Freeman, Charles A. Dashiell.

Fifth Grade—For four months: Mary M. Barnes, Lydia Litner, Emilie Rivaux, Sophia R. Weller, Edward Clark.

Sixth Grade—For three months: Caroline Mades, Elizabeth McCormick, John E. Bull, Willie A. Connolly, Willie F. Deeble, Abram Frantz, John A. Large.

Seventh Grade—For two months: Georgiana Pritchard, Thomas Haggerty, Samuel Taylor, John C. Wagner.

Eighth Grade—For one month: Sarah E. Preston, Maggie Ryan, Charles Carroll, Alexander W. Dennis, William Moriarty.

A FEW days ago, tempted by the brightness of the summer day and a clear atmosphere, suitable for optical investigations at a distance, we laid aside just enough of our newly-fledged editorial dignity to permit us to risk our precious necks, like other mortals, in climbing up to get a view from the top of the tower of the main building, just finished. The tower is 85 feet high. The stairs reaching only half-way up, scaling the rafters inside the other half is not the easiest kind of work. We had to make our way up by the sense of feeling alone, and, enveloped in darkness, were in glorious uncertainty as to the height we had attained till our cranium came in sudden and violent contact with the scuttle, which flew off, admitting a flood of light which ought to have been there before. Emerging on the narrow top, 4 ft. by 4, we felt better, and reconnoitred. There is an iron railing around the top, but we would not advise any one to lean the weight of his little finger against it unless he is tired of cutting recitations and desirous of the services of an undertaker. The view, however, amply repaid us for our trouble. Spread out below us lie the cities of Washington and Georgetown, with the Capitol looming up not a mile away. Far away across the Potomac, to the west, we can distinctly see the classic shades of Arlington, behind which lie thousands of patriots who fell during the late war. Further on, to the south, the broad bosom of the Potomac may be seen dotted with sails and steamers, while beyond the spires of Alexandria and Fairfax Court-House appear. Directly south of us, on the banks of the Anacostia, that cheerful place of resort, the Congressional cemetery, may be seen, while beyond, the river is shut out by a range of hills which constitute part of the rim of the basin in which the District is situated. The view to the north consists of hills and forests—delightfully shady nooks. The latter we fear are much more attractive to students during study hours than latin and geometry, and thither, descending, we fly.

R. M'G.

CROQUET.

I.

He sits beside the pretty lass,
While balls and mallets 'round them lay
Where they were left upon the grass,
When at croquet.

II.

Her dimpled hand upon his arm
Lay softly and confidingly,
But yet, for all there seems no harm,
It's not croquet.

III.

That arm steals gently round her waist—
How strange that she should let it stay!—
Ah! now I understand their haste,
To leave croquet.

IV.

She rests her head,—take care, young miss!
Too late! Ah, me! that's just the way—
The naughty fellow stole a kiss.
If that's croquet

I rather think I'd like the game.

C. R. D.

It's so pleasant to walk up from H street on the plank walk on a dark stormy night; particularly when, in addition to the difficulties of navigation, one of those unruly articles whose function is supposed to be to afford shelter has to be managed according to the prevailing direction of the wind and rain. To shift the umbrella from one hand to the other, and not your feet from the walk into a dirty pool alongside, requires both tact and experience.

The other night two belated Juniors might have been seen standing at the H-street end of the plank walk, sheltered from the pelting rain by a single umbrella, which, strange as it may seem, they actually possessed, and earnestly debating a question which, judging from the persistence manifested by each, must have been of equal importance to both. Finally they appeared to have reached a decision—or rather no decision at all was arrived at; for they started slowly up the treacherous walk, each clutching desperately at the umbrella, the sole possession of which must have been the subject of the dispute, as neither seemed inclined to relinquish his hold of it. Thus the misguided youths moved on—or rather they didn't; for their locomotion was suddenly impeded by the strange conduct of one of them, who all at once took it into his head to measure the depths of the darkly-flowing stream which skirted the walk. His companion mildly protested against such operations at that hour of the night, and gently intimated that he was getting damp. The other seemed to agree with him perfectly on that score, for he referred eloquently to the moist condition of his foot, which he had injudiciously used to investigate the profound of the deep (mud); after a brief but animated discussion in regard to each other's abilities as a pedestrian, during which one insinuated with the most sarcastic politeness that the other could not keep on the walk without clinging to him, which compliment was indignantly rejected, they again got under headway and proceeded, but not without encountering many difficulties and catastrophes, for "hard is the road and narrow the way," &c., until College Hall was reached, into which, with heavy soles and bedraggled garments, they strode, leaving here and there plentiful quantities of the rich, adhesive soil, to the intense disgust of the ever-vigilant Janitor, whose tidy floors are the pride of his heart.

W. L. H.

EVERYTHING about the College and Institution has a lonely, deserted look. The spots worn bare on the much-frequented ball and croquet grounds are being overgrown with grass, and even the flies are all forlorn for some one to bite. We, who are compelled to keep watch and ward, long for the many feet and faces that are wont to frequent these halls, and give life to the immense pile and deserted grounds.

HOUGHTON of '70 is at St. Louis.
 "FRIAR TUCK" proposes to teach.
 HILL of '72 is on his feet once more.
 PROFESSOR FAY and bride are at Saratoga.
 REID and Hibbard of '72 are still in the city.
 THERE are rumors of an engagement in Canada.
 THE eye of Bird, '70, is "in a fine frenzy rolling."
 PRESIDENT GALLAUDET is rusticking in Vermont.
 PARKINSON, '69, will have a month's furlough soon.
 DRAPER, '72, has been to Saratoga and Niagara Falls.
 LOGAN, '69, does not subscribe for THE SILENT WORLD.
 THE cars are running on the H street railroad. Fare five cents.
 MARTIN, '74, had a narrow escape at Brattleboro', Vt., July 4th.
 THE new President of Yale College is a brother of our Prof. Porter.
 DURING the vacation the Janitor performs the duties of night watchman.
 R. M., '72, is at Dayton, O. "My foot is on my native heath, and my name is McGregor."

"HONOR to whom honor is due." Patterson, of '70, has added 40 names to the subscription list of THE SILENT WORLD.

A FORTY-FOOT flagstaff has been placed on the tower, from which, on gala days, floats the "Flag of the free heart's hope and home."

ARINORI MORI, the Japanese *Charge d'Affaires*, paid the Institution a visit the other day, and left his cabalistic signature for our amusement.

THE sum raised last term by the monthly contributions of the children of the "Ephphatha Sunday-School" amounted to \$55.50, and they voted it to aid in establishing Sunday-schools on the Pacific coast.

MISS VIRGINIA A. PATTERSON, a young girl of about 19 years of age, who had been an inmate of the Institution for about nine years, died on the 14th of last March, and was buried in Glenwood Cemetery; the poor girl had been deserted by her parents, and the Institution was her only home.

MR. WM. SMITHSON, of Port Deposit, Md., a graduate of the Hartford and Philadelphia Institutions, was married in our new chapel hall to Miss Annie Szymanoskie, of this Institution, on the 28th of last February. The Rev. Byron Sunderland performed the ceremony, assisted by President Gallaudet.

TERM closed on the 28th of June and the next opens on the 28th of September. Term examinations took place on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of June, and the number of the "plucked" was considerably smaller than usual. "Skinning" also seemed to have been abandoned, and most passed by fair and square marks, running up the general average higher than it has been since the College came into existence. The examination of applicants for admission and of those who were conditioned in the last examination comes off on the 27th of September, and all will have to be promptly on hand.

THIS Paris Communists have had their imitators among us. During the last day or two of the term, the destructive propensities of certain Sophs, Freshs., and Preps. found vent in toppling over Columns Vendome—in the shape of chimneys left standing by the workmen engaged in removing the frame buildings on the knoll to the east of the College. Seven chimneys were laid low, and seven times did some reckless fellow or other narrowly escape having his head cracked before the workmen learned wisdom, and pulled down the chimneys before they pulled down the houses.

SOME of those houses have been moving across our base-ball ground lately in a very mysterious way, leaving great holes behind as if they had feet which sunk into the traditional mud of that classic field. We have watched them closely, and have observed a couple of jackasses not far in advance going round and round as if they were following their tails, and have no doubt but what they have something to do with the mystery. One of the houses made straight for the railway track, and we thought at one time it would be run into and demolished by a passing train, but it got safely across and now stands on 9th street east.

ONCE more are we isolated from the city on muddy days, for our only connection with the pavements that lead cityward—the plank walk—has been torn up by the progressive Board of Public Works in grading and curbing I street. We became conscious of the fact one night lately after a thunder storm, and were lost in admiration of the said Board when we found ourselves lost in the slough they have created, and wandering about, up to our ankles in mud, in search of the walk. Why, in the name of patent-leathers, don't the Board grade and pave a cross street for the convenience of the Institution and the residents near, instead of wasting bricks in paving country roads that will never be used by any one except cows and goats? A pavement has, indeed, been completed along 2d street and Delaware avenue to M street, but as M street is left in its normal unnavigable condition we are not much benefited thereby.

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R. HARDON.

Information Wanted.

Engineer A. J. H., where are you? Address W. L. B., D. D. & B. Inst., Staunton, Va.



Caution! Beware of Impostors!

As some unscrupulous parties are in the habit of stating that their places of business are branch stores of the Original Franc, I hereby notify the public that I have no branch stores, and that I have no connection with any similar institution in this city.

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